

# A Single Ray of Sun

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Summary: Modern AU where Hiccup works in Gobber's bookstore and Rapunzel is looking for cupcake recipes.

## A Single Ray of Sun

**\*\*A/N: Hey guys! Ilso here.\*\***

**\*\*So yeah, this is a Hiccunzel fanfic. I know. It's different from what I'm used to, but hey, might as well experiment, right?\*\***

**\*\*This fanfic is dedicated to my friend, Karyl (her FF account is electricsilhouette) who I owe a \*\*\*\*\_huge\_\*\*\*\* favor to, thus the birth of this fanfic. She's amazing as hell and I love her so much, I hope she likes this fanfic, and I hope you guys like it too.\*\***

**\*\*So thanks for reading this, I appreciate your reviews on this, if there will be any. :)) I accept constructive criticism, I mean this is why we have reviews, right? Right. So thanks for that. :)\*\***

**\*\*I apologize for any grammar mistakes that I might have looked over, English is not my native tongue. :)\*\***

**\*\*Title is from the song "One Drop" by Plumb. Cover is by Karyl herself-I know. She draws \_and\_ writes. Awesome.\*\***

**\*\*So, relax, read, and enjoy.\*\***

**\*\*DISCLAIMER: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon or Tangled in any way. If I did, I would've given them to Karyl, anyway.\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p>Hiccup hated slow days.<p>

Days when he worked in Gobber's bookstore were just . . . \_ugh\_. He

didn't even know. No one even probably reads books that much anymore. Not that he was anti-literature, but the shop wasn't getting customers in the past few weeks days.

It was a Thursday, and the sun was bright under the town of Corona. Everyone was practically busy over the upcoming fair. The streets were decorated with purple, bakeries lined up their windows with beautiful cakes just for the occasion, florists were selling gorgeous flowers and town square was crowded with people. It was that happy time of the year again.

The bookstore was still running on a slow shift.

Out of boredom, Hiccup had invited his friends over at the shop while he was at the counter. They were going over to his house after to finish a school project, and he decided that he might as well have some company while he was working.

It was a bad idea.

Ruffnut and Tuffnut were fighting over a stack of comics, Snotlout was throwing books around and Fishlegs accidentally knocked over a rack full of postcards.

Hiccup sighed. "Guys," he called them out, hand over his face. "Come on, I'm gonna have to clean that up after."

Snotlout only smirked and pushed several more books out of their shelves.

Hiccup wanted to strangle him.

"Give it to me! I found it first!" Tuffnut yelled out. He was on the verge of a tug-of-war with his twin sister over an X-Men comic. Hiccup didn't even know that they could read comics.

Ruffnut only pulled at it more. She was a little stronger than her brother, but she knew he wasn't going to go down without a fight. "No way! You're just going to lose it after you read it, anyway! At least I take care of my comics!"

Tuffnut only snorted in return. "Please, yours have ripped up covers." He tugged even harder, almost tripping his sister. "Now give itâ€"to meâ€"!"

Rrrrip!

Both siblings landed on the floor with a thud, each of them holding a part of the now-torn apart copy. They glared at each other and lunged, with Tuffnut pulling at his sister's braids and Ruffnut punching her brother in the face.

It was at this point that Hiccup got up from his stool and walked over to stop his friends. Because really, Hiccup loves them, he really doesâ€"even if they pick on him a lotâ€"but it was a different story when they were screwing up his job.

"Guys!" He yelled over the bickering twins, trying to pull one away from the other. "Seriously, stop, I'm gonna get in so much trouble!" Hiccup put himself between the two, but only received a knock on the

head from Tuffnut. "Justâ€"come onâ€"WILL YOU TWO STOP FIGHTING?"

Ruffnut and Tuffnut stopped clawing at each other and looked at Hiccup. Snotlout was leaning on a bookshelf with a smirk. Fishlegs peered out from the corner, clutching a sci-fi book.

Hiccup heaved a sigh and let go of the twins, running a hand over his hair in frustration. "Come on. I didn't drag you guys here to mess things up. Gobber's gonna kill me if he sees all this." He gestures to the disaster of books and papers everywhere.

The siblings mutter a sorry and glare at each other. Hiccup starts picking up the books. "Yeah, justâ€"can you please go? I'm justâ€"Just gonna meet you at home." He's far too exhausted to make them clean up their mess, so he does it himself. Snotlout, Ruffnut and Tuffnut head for the door while Fishlegs picks up a couple of the books and puts them in shelves. "Thanks, Fishlegs." Hiccup mumbles as his friend pats him on the back with a sympathetic smile and leaves.

Once they've all gone, he sat on the floor, back against the wall. Why did he have to clean up after everything? And no, it wasn't just the books. Every day, he had to act responsible for just about everything. Even if the mess wasn't his. It was frustrating and stressful and exhausting and, andâ€"

He didn't like it. Hated it.

Hiccup heard the door swing open and looked up to see his boss, Gobber, with a face that looked about fifty-percent rage and fifty-percent confusion. "Hiccup!" He roared, slamming the door behind him. "I come in to check on you and the shop and I see this! What is this mess?!"

The teen looked down to the floor, obviously embarrassed. "Sorry Gobber," he muttered. It was his usual apology whenever he did something wrong. "Won't happen again. I'll clean it up."

"Aye, you better." Gobber picked Hiccup up and slapped him hard on the back. "I'll let this one slip through, but when I come back later, this place better be spotless, alright?" He pointed a finger at him, to which Hiccup only nodded.

The burly man gave him a look and left again, probably at the bar nearby with Hiccup's father, Stoick. Hiccup sighed. His dad was another problem to think about. He was always convincing him to try a sport. Any sport. Anything, anything that might actually boost his physical stature. And confidence. And self-esteem.

See, the thing is, Hiccup wanted to be what his father actually wanted him to be. It's just when he tries . . . he ends up looking like total crap. He tries out for football in freshman year, and he gets pummeled by the jocks. He tries out for the swim team, and he drowns in the middle of the pool. It's some sort of unspoken universal law that when he tries, he's destined to fail. So now, he refuses to try and sits in the sidelines, invisible.

"This is why you end up working low-class jobs in bookstores, Hiccup." He tells to himself, chuckling at his own luck. Hey, if you

are going to be the world's biggest loner, you might as well laugh about it, right?

He's just cleaned up the rest of the havoc and settled back in his post on the cash register when the door swings open again, and this time it's not Gobber.

A petite blonde girl stepped inside the bookstore. Their first customer in a really long while and it's a girl, a girl that Hiccup actually finds kind of cute. She made eye contact with him when she stepped inside and gave him a little smile, which sent his heart beating a little bit faster than usual. He let her look around the store for a little while before he would ask her what she wanted because he didn't want to seem like a stalker. Which he's not.

The blonde walked up to the counter after a little while, shooting Hiccup that little smile again. "Hey," her voice sounded so bubbly. Bubbly that even the lonely, depressing aura of the bookstore couldn't get to her. She had a spray of freckles around her cheeks and nose, which pretty much excited Hiccup because he found freckles pretty cute (just not his own, though). He noticed that her blonde hair was actually pretty long too. Seriously long. And he found it downright adorable when a strand had fallen off and she brushed it back behind her ear. "Do you have any books about baking here?"

"Uh . . ." Hiccup had been too busy staring at the pretty girl's green eyes. It had reminded him of his pet cat, Toothless. He wondered if Toothless and the girl would get along. "Y-Yeah, sure. Maybe. Probably. I don't know. Um, let me check." Hiccup got off the stool and searched for anything that was related to ovens and baking, all the while trying to not distract himself with the blonde, who smelled like warm cookies and, oddly enough, paint.

\_Make conversation, stupid\_. The cool part in his brain was saying. He cleared his throat and tried not to sound like he hadn't gone through puberty yet. "So, you baking something?"

Blondie seemed like her attention was far away from him. "Huh?" She paused for a moment before finally understanding his question. "Oh! Well, yeah." Another strand fell in front of her face. Too adorable. "It'sâ€"it's for the fair this weekend. My mom and I are setting up a stall."

"Oh. That's cool." Hiccup has only been to the fair once, and that was last year. He did it out on a whim. All he usually does during the weekend of the fair was lock himself up in his room and play video games. He has decided that there were far too many people in it and he doesn't have time to socialize. "Maybe I might come around and try them. You know, maybe."

She giggles at this, and Hiccup has never heard anything as cute as that. "Maybe you should." She answers, and Hiccup's not facing her right now but he can feel that she's totally smiling at him right now.

\_Calm down. \_He finds a book with a bunch of cakes on the cover and picks it up. He hands it to her with a smile that's sure to look stupid. "Here you go. Iâ€"I'm gonna go find you some more. You know, just in case you want another one." She giggles again. \_Stopstopstopit'stoocuteIswearstopâ€"\_

"Thanks, Hiccup." He heard her say, and he's pretty sure his eyes widen because how the heck did she know her name? "It's on your name tag." She added, probably reading the giveaway expression on his face. "And I've seen you in town a couple of times. You're the sheriff's son, right?"

Oh yeah, Stoick was sheriff of Corona. All the more reason to feel like a disappointment of a son.

He nods his head. Now this is the part where they all lose respect for him and ask him "aren't you a bit too skinny to be his son?" like thank you, as if he hadn't heard that before.

But no, Blondie only giggled. Thank God. "Nice to meet you." She gave him a wider smile this time, one that showed her teeth. They were so white. Hiccup thinks he hasn't found teeth this pretty before.

He also thinks that he's starting to sound like a total creep now.

"Anyway," he switches to the other shelf and struggles to keep the conversation from dying. He was actually doing a pretty good job at it, too. "Can I guess your name too, or are you gonna tell me anyway?"

She gave her a half-smirk. "Well, I guess you can try." Blondie bends down too, so Hiccup won't have to keep looking up at her.

He racks his brain for any encounters with pretty blonde girls before. Well there was Astrid, but when Hiccup told her he liked her in fifth grade, she laughed in his face and punched him, so that's out of the list. He shouldn't have to find this so hard, actually. He barely socializes so it's a little easy to remember faces.

"Oh, wait. I think I do know you." He's actually a little excited when he says this. "You're that girl who won that mural contest in the fair last year, right?" She giggles and nods. "I forgot your name but I think it starts with an R . . . Rachel?"

Blondie bursts out laughing. "Close enough. It's Rapunzel." She corrects him, a few giggles leaving her mouth.

Hiccup's pretty sure he's blushing red right now. Of course. Rapunzel. How could he not have guessed? "Right, Rapunzel. Not your usual name, huh?" He shoots her his own half-smirk. She's not the only one with the facial expressions.

"What about yours?" She teases back. She's sitting on the floor now. "Hiccup isn't a really conventional name, too."

She does have a point. "Well, yeah, I'll give you that." He's full-on smiling right now. Hiccup hands her a book with cookies and cupcakes on the cover. How could he have remembered his task when there was this pretty girl talking to her? Coordination, he guesses, probably from video games. "Your name sounds like it came from a fairy tale."

Rapunzel raises an eyebrow at him. "Yeah, probably." Her lips are pursed. She's probably trying to hide a smile. God, too cute. "But

I'm half-German. I think. That's what my mom told me."

Hiccup nods. He's going to store that fact in his brain and swear he'll never forget it. "That's actually cool." He's stopped looking for books now. "I think I'm half something, too. Half-fishbone, yeah."

"I think you meant full fishbone." She counters with a smirk. God. Hiccup's mind is on overdrive. \_Is this flirting? It's flirting, isn't\_ it? He's too busy trying to distinguish flirting from being friendly that he doesn't quite hear her next words. "Is this what buff sheriffs' sons look like?"

If it were anyone else who said it, he would've probably scowled at them and told them to pick on someone else. This time, he snorts. "Oh, wow," he's sarcastic now, "as if I hadn't heard that before."

"Aww," Rapunzel's cooing. "Don't worry. I actually think it's kind of cute, you know." She's smiling, and Hiccup thinks she didn't exactly hear herself say those words.

. . . Did she just call her cute?

No way, no way, \_no way in hell\_ did this one girl that he's met who's not Ruffnut and has actually had a proper conversation with \_call him cute\_.

\_Oh my God\_.

Hiccup has nothing to say right now. His mind is a fuzz and it's still sinking in that she actually thinks he's cute. She thinks Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III is cute. Whoa.

(Well she didn't \_exactly\_ call him cute but the thought was still there. It was still there.)

Rapunzel has seemed to notice, too, because her pinks are tinted pink and she's looking at Hiccup like she's actually thinking twice about what she said. "Uh . . ." She's trying to think of a rebound, but there's nothing coming out.

Hiccup is avoiding her gaze, looking down at the floor. He nods. "Yeah," he's rubbing the nape of his neck—"which is probably as red as his face right now"—and thinking of anything to change the subject. "So, are—are those books good enough for your cupcakes?"

"Cupcakes?" Rapunzel's forgotten all about her baking, and it takes her a couple of seconds to remember the reason why she came to the bookstore in the first place. "Oh. Yeah, yeah. They're fine." She skims the pages of the cookbooks and slightly giggles. "They'll be good use."

"Right," he's nodding again. "Yeah, you do know you're supposed to pay for those, right?" Hiccup gestures to the books with a half-smile.

She laughs, but he can tell she's a little nervous. "Of course, duh." They share a chuckle together before they both stand up and go to the

counter.

There's no more talking after that, just fidgeting palms and awkward throat-clearing. It's not after the register rings and Hiccup's given her the change that Rapunzel speaks again. "So . . . thanks."

Hiccup tries not to make eye contact, but he can't help it. "Yeah, sure. It's no problem, you know. Just . . . doing my job." An awkward chuckle.

She only responds with a smile and a silence before saying, "I have to go."

Hiccup is a little disappointed.

"Mm, well, you gotta bake those cupcakes, right?" He tries for a smile, an itty-bitty smile. Just to see if she smiles back.

She does.

Rapunzel's smile is brighter than the other ones Hiccup had seen earlier. "I'll be sure to bake some for you." She wiggles her eyebrows.

"I'll be sure to come to the fair, then." He's raising his own, too. He's pretty sure he's smirking again.

"Good."

"Good."

Another brief silence.

"Well, bye." She's heading out the door, and Hiccup is feeling bittersweet.

"Bye." He says just as Rapunzel is out on the street.

He watches her walk away from the window. She's smiling.

And Hiccup is smiling, too.

He's on a good mood for the rest of the day.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: So that's that! Thanks for reading! :D Love you guys.  
:)\*\*

End  
file.